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# SETTLING THE LEPERS

LEPROSY is now an extremely rare affliction in the developed countries of Europe and North America. In much of Asia, however, particularly in the tropics, it remains a major scourge. Sir Philip Manson-Bailey, in his 1954 edition of *Manson's Tropical Diseases*, estimated that perhaps as much as 2 per cent of the population of the Congo was leprosy. In some Asian regions the percentage is much lower; but it still indicates the presence of large numbers of lepers. In northern Thailand, for example, with a total population of some eight million, the World Health Organization had registered over 75,000 lepers by 1965; and there must have been at least as many infected persons who escaped detection in this survey.

Leprosy is a horrifying disease. In earlier times the leper was regarded as an unclean person whose very shadow would contaminate. He was cast out from his community and condemned to a wandering existence from which death was a merciful release. In many parts of the world, and not only in undeveloped areas, this attitude persists today. The reasons for it are not hard to find. While leprosy is not an epidemic killer like cholera, typhus or the plague, it does produce the most loathsome disfigurement of its victims. The skin becomes covered with blotches and nodules. The ears and the nose decay. Hands and feet contract into the characteristic claw-like shape. No medical degree is needed to be able to diagnose leprosy in its more advanced stages. Despite the superficial gravity of its consequences, however, leprosy does not usually lead to a rapid death. Provided that they can continue to acquire adequate food and shelter, lepers may live with their affliction for many decades; and a leper is as likely to die of old age as he is of leprosy itself.

While the diagnosis of leprosy once the signs have appeared is fairly simple, yet there is still a great deal about the disease which is little understood. There is considerable doubt about exactly how it is communicated. It has been argued that it is not a particularly infectious disease. Nowadays workers in leprosy hospitals, provided they take certain elementary precautions, do not get leprosy; and to look after lepers is not an exceptionally dangerous occupation. Father Damian, who has been shown that many members of a household containing lepers, children as well as adults, do not catch the disease despite the closest contact with an infected person. Children born of leprosy parents sometimes become lepers (and babies are not surprisingly more vulnerable than adults), but they do not always do so.

Until very recently there was no really effective treatment for leprosy beyond clinical care and the surgical alleviation of deformities. All that could be done was to prolong the leper's life; the actual course of the disease could not be checked despite experiments in some rather bizarre remedies like immersion in nearly boiling oil. Of late, however, a group of sulphone drugs, of which the most commonly used is known as D.D.S., have been found to check the disease if not to cure it completely. D.D.S. has posed its problems. It is highly toxic and some patients react to it so violently as to make its use too dangerous. In many cases, however, D.D.S. and cognate drugs have been proved capable of stabilizing the disease. A leper thus treated, and the process takes some time, seems to be non-infectious and non-contagious. His deformities, of course, do not disappear, but plastic surgery and other techniques can do a great deal towards repairing the depredations of the disease; and once stabilized, provided his general physical and mental health remain adequate, he can expect a fairly normal life span with no further progress of his leprosy. A stabilized leper, in theory at any rate, can go home and try to pick up his life where he left it off when his affliction was diagnosed. It is at this point, however, that the whole problem of leprosy becomes particularly difficult.

Society does not find it easy to take

back the stabilized leper. The fear of the disease is too deep seated and ignorance about it is too great. Even public health authorities with properly qualified advisers tend to feel that they cannot afford to take risks with lepers. Hence the policy of the leper colony still persists in many countries. The leper, once diagnosed, is placed in isolation in a colony, often located on an island from which escape is impossible. He is guarded as if he were a prisoner; and in the colony he remains until he dies. By virtue of their isolation leper colonies are all

leper colonies. The point about the leper village, however, is that it is not isolated from the outside world. No guarded barbed wire fence surrounds it. The stabilized members of its community go to market to sell their produce and spend their earnings. The leper village is part of the world outside; and, in time, the hope is that it will become accepted as a normal feature of the landscape and not an evil place to be feared and avoided. All this takes time; but the process of winning acceptance is

## Skeletons

In a large blue cupboard behind my bed I have stacked a collection of crickery.

Clay pigeons in legless and immutable formation line the upper pigeon-holes.

And, ranging one side of the cupboard's length Is a perfect woman's effigy.

Sometimes I take a steel bar, and set to Smashing, piece by piece, the cheap white service.

At other times I blast the confines Of the upper wooden shelf with bird shot.

Once a year I perform unspeakably Bestial acts upon the silent effigy.

It is a cupboard of much interest But I would never show it to my friends.

HARRY COLE

too easily neglected. Conditions in some of them remind one of the Nazi concentration camps.

Not all leper colonies are like this, of course; and in some countries an attempt is made to discharge the stabilized leper and send him home. All too often, however, the former inmate of a leper colony finds that his own people reject him. He cannot get work as no one will run the risk of contact with him. He becomes undernourished and weak, the disease breaks out again, and, if he is lucky, he manages to return to the colony. It is not surprising, therefore, that inmates of leper colonies often refuse to be discharged. There was a recent instance in Malaysia where the entire population of a leper colony came out in violent protest against the threatened discharge of a small group of stabilized lepers. The trend, therefore, in good leper colonies is for the population ever to increase, posing real problems for the authorities.

It should cause no surprise to learn that it is not easy to found a leper village of this type. The authorities tend to distrust the concept which they feel involves some risk, even if they know it to be slight. Because the leper village is essentially a project of self-help, it has features which tend to be repugnant to charitable institutions. Medical missionaries, for example, all too often have an ulterior motive which is not best served by providing funds to let people go their own way. Yet a community which is to have pride and self-respect must also be relatively free of paternalistic supervision. These facts make the story of how Robert Wulff founded his leper village, Trinity Village, near Chiangmai in northern Thailand, all the more remarkable.

In 1952 Robert Wulff, then in his middle twenties, a native of an American small town, Albert Lea in Minnesota, tried to go to Formosa with a vague idea of doing good for the Chinese people—he had become fascinated with China while serving in the army there. He never got to Formosa, however, because of visa problems, and ended up in Thailand under Dr. Buker at the McKean Leprosy Colony in Chiangmai. Experience gained here gave him the idea of starting his own leper village. By the end of 1953, using his own savings and a small fund provided by the parishioners of Trinity Lutheran Church in Albert Lea, his village was a going concern. A few years later, under a U.S.O.M. contract, he had set up two more villages. The way he did this is described with moving simplicity in *Village of the Outcasts*, a narrative based largely on extracts from Mr. Wulff's diaries.

Mr. Wulff's experiences relate not only to the problem of lepers in Asia but also to the much wider question of the most effective ways in which foreign aid can be made to have an impact upon the rural society of a country like Thailand. The magnitude of his achievements cannot be questioned; yet they were made, by the prevailing standards of American aid projects, at a minuscule cost. One reason for this, of course, was that Mr. Wulff and his helpers, both Thai and American, were not dispensing

from the bottomless cornucopia of the United States Treasury. They were giving their own labour and, to a sense, their own wealth. What they could for their chosen purpose most important one, was the established with which Mr. Wulff, through his father, Dr. Aric Wulff, a Thai psychiatrist, he eventually gained access by an inside route to high echelons of the Thai bureaucracy. His U.S.O.M. contract was in part the product of his enterprise in arousing the interest of Hubert Humphrey, then Senator from Minnesota and now Vice-President of the United States. But the American patronage would have achieved little had Mr. Wulff been able to convince Thai officials that his ideas were valuable and to persuade the Thais to ask for American aid.

What he did, in fact, was to help of his leper village wider application. Not only did lepers retain their self-respect, but their village, but also the Thai bureaucrats did the same while doing foreign aid because they were initiated to feel that they had been initiated the project. This makes a of internal generation is obviously one of the keys to successful aid projects. Mr. Wulff's story is no test case subject, but it is full of incidents, sights which well deserve careful study. He is now working for the Peace Corps—so it would be that someone in the American administration appreciated his achievement, though it is clear that not all American officials in Thailand do. The main lesson which he provides in *Village of the Outcasts* is a great deal can be achieved with massive financial support on a voluntary basis, and that no amount of aid can be a substitute for intelligent understanding and enterprise of kind demonstrated by Robert Wulff.

Nothing that really marks off this book from the earlier one, as the editors point out, is the consuming modesty that now inhibits so many writers, especially in this country and in America, which provide the larger part of the contributors. Many of them are explicit in disclaiming any natural right to be heard, either individually or collectively, even if they are still ready to speak in silence in order to say so. It is clear that there has been a very widespread retreat from the sort of generous and unselfish involvement which led some writers to take sides in the Spanish Civil War as well as on it. Rhetoric, it seems, must have stood for that spark alone could cross the gap between a passive indulgence, or even a mere debate, and physical intervention.

It is in any case interesting to compare the assessment of the writer's present status and responsibilities undertaken by so many of the contributors to *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam* with another, very different one, first published twenty years ago by Jean Paul Sartre, for his *What is Literature?* has also appeared in the last few years, reissued in the old translation with a new introduction by David Case (Methuen, 30s. Paperback). What Sartre did in this book was above all to try to fix the significance of the writer's activity within his own very solemn and, in the field of individual psychology, as an existentialist hero, freely chosen to do what he did not naturally then at all. He spoke of it as a "responsibility" and a "revolutionary" act, as a "change" to "speak is to act", "to speak is to change", and so on, providing a way to revert to psychoanalysis which, while it may have been to prove to himself, *What is Literature?* in fact finds it easy to find the gap which separates real life from the words from real life. There is nothing new in the

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## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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## THIRTY YEARS ON

Thirty years ago 150 writers came out to (or mostly) against Franco in a book called *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish Civil War*. The ringing words which mobilized them for publication addressed them in the upper reaches of the literary world, and they were "amongst the most sensitive instruments of a nation". The appeal was signed by twelve names, famous enough to ensure a willing response: they included W. H. Auden, Pablo Neruda, Aragon and the American patronage would have achieved little had Mr. Wulff been able to convince Thai officials that his ideas were valuable and to persuade the Thais to ask for American aid.

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thesis that motives or fragmentary ideas from a long-dead system can survive in culture and even take on a life of their own.

Again, I glanced in passing at the possibility of Penelope being in origin a bird-goddess, but did not suggest that this detail had any relevance to the working-out of the epic. The case for a mythic element there is something quite different, as I made clear, and relates to the survival of certain traditional frames or organs of the story, such as A. B. Lord's *The Singer* and the *Homeric Hymns*. The frame can be filled with historical material of varying degrees of authenticity, and to note its existence is in no way to dissolve history in symbol. Finally, may I point out that my derided reference to the exclusion of the darker elements of Greek religion from the *Iliad* is no invention of my own but is surely a commonplace since thinkers like Gilbert Murray. Pindar explicitly declares that he censors the myths on similar lines.

As your reviewer points out, there are definite shamanist figures surviving or intruding in the Greek archaic world. I did not deal with these precisely because of my notion of a continuing daily ritual is wholly foreign to my thesis. I did, however, contemplate filling out the background with a second book on such obvious shamanisms as the "Hyperboreans" or Zalmoxis, and the Greek thinkers who seem to have been influenced by such survivals, especially Empedocles and Pythagoras. But the total lack of comprehension of my thesis in England (though not elsewhere) has, I admit, rather depressed me.

**JACK LINDSAY**  
Castle Heddingham, Halstead, Essex.

## LIFE AND LOVES OF FLAUBERT

Sir,—I should be grateful if you would grant me a little more of your space to answer your reviewer of my book (September 14). He is not correct or fair when he states that there is in it no discussion of Flaubert's technical originality as shown in *Madame Bovary*. That aspect is, in fact, treated, but only in connexion with that and not as a separate "semi-influence on the development of the European novel". I still maintain that this could only be attempted when the whole of his work is viewed. Incidentally, Demosthenes, whom he cites—quite rightly—with approbation, deals, in his book entitled *L'Expression figurée et symbolique dans l'oeuvre de Gustave Flaubert*, only with the novel's "semi-influence on the development of the European novel". Your reviewer, however, often tends to be unfair as he wrests fragments of sentences out of their context to make them seem true or obvious. For instance—

(1) He declares that I state that, in *Emma Bovary*, Flaubert has given us one of the best-known women characters in French literature, but he omits the rest of the sentence: "Few nowadays would agree with Martin Turner as he declares 'When he turns from his successful hand characters to his principal hand failures'. Many, on the contrary, believe that, in *Emma Bovary*, Flaubert has created one of the greatest best-drawn—women characters in French literature." etc. Which is something quite different.

(2) He says that I declare that *Madame Bovary* is first and foremost a psychological novel. He does not, however, say that this remark comes in a discussion of the "roman de mœurs" fashion of the time, and that I say that *Madame Bovary* is not really an analysis of manners and customs, in spite of its sub-title *Mœurs de province*, but this did not figure in the early drafts and was only added in the proof—I believe to please the taste of the time. This, too, is something quite different from the impression that your reviewer gives.



ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Collected Poems 1967*. 266pp. Macmillan, £2 2s. 1

Looked at as a whole, the poetry of Elizabeth Jennings seems full of paradoxes and puzzles. To characterize it, one perhaps might use the word "reserved", yet it is also often astonishingly, and even embarrassingly, open, as "confessional" as anything one finds in Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, and Anne Sexton. Again, one might use the word "abstract", yet almost everywhere there is a concreteness of experience which at its weakest becomes mere literariness. The blurb to these collected poems labels Miss Jennings as a lyric poet, but if this is true here is a lyricism which at the same time carries a strong burden of moralizing and didacticism. And if this is "feminine" poetry, does this mean that it is more like Christina Rossetti's than, say, Edwin Muir's?

There is, at any rate, a remarkable consistency about this work, in which the few side-tracks and diversions are almost consistently weaker and less certain than the main progression: the prose poems and the attempts at automatic writing in a kind of jumpy, self-conscious *vers libre* are failures of nerve and of judgment. But the great majority of the poems are written in the same careful iambics, without strenuous rhyming or any marked technical trickery. The very first piece in the book, "Delay,"

comes from her Fantasy Press *Poems* of 1953, and it immediately catches Miss Jennings's authentic tone: The radiance of that star that leans on me Was shining years ago. The light that now Glitters up there my eye may never see, And so the time lag teases me with how Love that loves now may not reach me until Its first desire is spent. The star's impulse Must wait for eyes to claim it beautiful And love arrived may find us somewhere else.

G. S. Fraser once said that he imagined Miss Jennings put on white gloves before beginning to write, and that not unkindly meant whimsy does convey something of the contemplative purity of these poems. Even at their most raw, as in the later poems of sickness and breakdown, the formality preserves a composure which, running counter to what the poems are about, adds to rather than diminishes the tension felt like an unheard note behind the level cadences and the cool words. It is as if Miss Jennings fixes and assuages turbulence and disorder by speaking so calmly and in such level tones: as in the beginning of

her poem "Patients," one of a "Sequence in Hospital": Violence does not terrify. Storms here would be a relief. Lightning be a companion to grief. It is the helplessness, the way they lie Beyond hope, fear, love, That makes me afraid. I would like to shout, The passive suffering here. . . . Miss Jennings's poems never shout, which is not to say that they don't carry more strongly than many with more strident and hectoring voices. Their composure is earned by self-discipline, and their nakedness demands reverence rather than prurience.

This is a substantial and impressive book, drawing on fifteen years' work. The excisions from the earlier books seem on the whole the right ones, but it was a pity to lose "The Dandy" from *A Sense of the World* and (though it now reads with a painful irony) "Visit to a Friend in Hospital" from *Song for a Birth or a Death*; and the nine free-association poems from *The Mind has Mountains* were hardly worth reprinting. The best poems here, such as "A Fear," "For a Child Born Dead," "Ghosts," "Disguises," "The Shot," "One Flesh" and "Madness," stand among the best English poems of the 1950s and 1960s.

## THIN PARTITIONS

JULIEN CORNELL: *The Trial of Ezra Pound*. 215pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.

The blurb puts neatly one reason why this book is to be welcomed: "It is as well that the record should be clear"—and most of us have only a hazy notion how Ezra Pound came to be confined for thirteen years in a Federal Government hospital. Julien Cornell, an American attorney, was a friend of Mr. Pound's American publisher, James Laughlin, who asked him in September, 1945, to undertake Mr. Pound's defence—the poet having been indicted on charges of treason for making wartime broadcasts over the Rome radio. Mr. Cornell agreed and, at the instigation of Mrs. Pound's London solicitors, was formally instructed. Mr. Pound had been held by the military in Pisa all that summer but was brought to Washington in November to stand trial. Mr. Cornell (evidently a most able lawyer and one whose cultivation and prose-style are in the best, the humane, ironic and faintly archaic, legal tradition) quickly decided his course of action, which was for his client to stand mute to the indictment while it was represented on his behalf that his mental condition disenabled him both to collaborate properly with his counsel and to understand fully the nature of the charges. Mr. Cornell's submissions were upheld and Mr. Pound was returned to St. Elizabeths Hospital (where he had been immediately before the trial). Mr. Cornell next succeeded in having him transferred from the prison ward to the main building, where he had more internal freedom and better living conditions. For the longer term, Mr. Cornell's plan envisaged an application for bail (legally possible, in spite of

the gravity of the charges) and, if that failed, a petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*. Both these were eventually denied by the District Court, not to Mr. Cornell's astonishment. But he thought that an appeal to the Supreme Court might well reverse the result of the *habeas corpus* proceedings.

However, Mrs. Pound was unwilling at that moment to go on; she was fearful of the effect on her husband's condition of further hearings and in any event wanted to wait until the November elections were over—it being by then March, 1948. Even this book does not make crystal clear why a decade had still senselessly elapsed before Mr. Pound's release. Of course, early in 1949 the storm arose over the award of the Bollingen Prize to *The Plan Cantos* and the thence must have been inauspicious for further action for some considerable period after that. And no doubt under the law the *habeas corpus* appeal had become procedurally impossible, leaving a motion for the Court to dismiss the indictment as the only practicable course—one which required the consent of the Department of Justice, a real stumbling-block, and eventually secured only by Robert Frost gaining the support of President Eisenhower's assistant, Sherman Adams. By then

Mr. Cornell had virtually dropped out of the case.

Though all this may sound dry as dust, even the general reader will not find it so. Mr. Cornell's method of narration is (including some fascinating facsimile letters from his client) with the result of linking commentary, and the point is compulsorily readable. Besides, the book provides a most interesting document for the study of modern art in its relation to confused or irrational mental processes. Of superior intelligence but eccentric, querulous and egocentric—thus the general psychiatric estimate of Mr. Pound's character. So far not so bad: as Mr. Cornell remarks, "it may fairly be said that any man of his genius would be regarded by a psychiatrist as abnormal." However, Mr. Pound's ideas were found grandiose, not clear-cut and moving from topic to topic—a systemization of vague material. Not untruthfully this is also apt criticism of the *Cantos*, particularly the later ones. The heart sinks at the thought of the time that has been and is going to be spent on their literary explication. Judging by the two specimens printed here, the broadcasts themselves, though almost as boring and confused, were infinitely less harmful.

## EMILY EDITED

R. W. FRANKLIN: *The Editing of Emily Dickinson*. A Reconsideration. 187pp. University of Wisconsin Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £2 12s. 6d.

After her death Emily Dickinson's complicated manuscripts were entrusted to Mabel Loomis Todd, who, with the help of Emily's

old friend, T. W. Higginson, prepared *Poems, First and Second Series*, for publication in 1890 and 1891 respectively. Mrs. Todd edited the *Third Series*, more or less unaided, and then work on Emily Dickinson's text lapsed until Marjorie Dickinson, Bianchi published additional poems in 1914, 1929 and 1935. Millicent Todd Bingham published another 600 verses, from the manuscripts that had remained with Mrs. Todd, in 1945; and in 1955, of course, Professor Thomas H. Johnson published his fine edition, with variant readings.

Professor Franklin has minutely examined Emily Dickinson's manuscripts at Harvard and Amherst College and he is able to describe copiously for the first time what happened to them, from the time that they came into Mrs. Todd's hands. He demonstrates by means of tables and illustrations, as well as by deduction, how the text in which we read the poet came into being and he warns us, in effect, against what we may have believed to have been unassailably established. His essay could be taken as a proposal for a new edition of the poet's work, and it will both be required—the kind of work which Mr. James Reeves showed a few years ago in his skillful selection from the poet.

JOHN GUENTHER: *Sidney Keyes*. A Biographical Inquiry. 222pp. London Magazine Editions: Alan Ross. 12s. 6d.

Keith Douglas, Alan Lewis, and now Sidney Keyes: these British poets who died in the war are having the most curious kind of revival, one less concerned with their poetic merits than with which of them was the "war poet", expressing (as A. L. Rowse wrote of Keyes) the tragedy of a whole generation in his poems. At the end of his memoir Mr. Guenther asks rightly that Keyes should be considered "outside of time" as a poet, stressing that he is now "largely neglected and almost forgotten", but it is difficult to write about Keyes sensibly without seeming ungenuine.

He was killed in Africa before he was twenty-one, and few poets in the past century would have wished to be remembered by what they had written at that age. The ordinary notices have a self-evident absurdity. Harold Nicolson found in him a powerful intellect, poetic certainty, possible greatness; Miss V. Sackville West saw firmness, resonance and grandeur and thought that he was "potentially, the war-poet for whom England has been waiting"; Richard Church believed him to be "much more fruitful, positive and creative than Rimbaud". He was posthumously awarded the Hawthornden Prize by a selection committee which included those two death-waiting beetles ticking in the timber of poetry, Sir Edward Marsh and Sir John Squire. Mr. Guenther's memoir makes no explicit claims, but implicitly accepts this view of Keyes's poetic merits and quotes many passages from the poems to support it. The story he tells is not unusual. A mother who died of peritonitis within weeks of his birth, a military father who resigned his commission to join the family business and suffered from tuberculosis, childhood spent first with his grandparents and then in the care of a stepmother—Mr. Guenther makes little of these formative influences and the effect they must have had upon Keyes's character. School at Tonbridge was followed by Oxford in wartime, two love affairs (or at least two girls with whom he fell in love), Army training, Africa, a slightly mysterious death in the desert. Many of those facts were already known through Mr. Michael Meyer's memoir. This biographical inquiry sketches the outline of a solemn, sensitive, repressed and deeply romantic young man who was still unsure about almost everything, including himself. The few letters quoted show that Keyes was intensely serious and intelligent, but give no indication of any particular intellectual power. Perhaps it was impossible to make more than this outline sketch, perhaps there is no material for a portrait in depth. This would not be surprising. Few writers, few people of any kind, have provided much material for a biographical inquiry before they are twenty-one.

## HOW HE DID IT

NEVILLE ROGERS: *Shelley at Work*. A Critical Inquiry (2nd edition). 357pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £3 15s.

When Shelley at Work first appeared in 1956 it was at once evident that it constituted an important addition to the body of critical and interpretative studies of a particularly difficult poet. The book had been made possible ten years before by a memorable gift of manuscripts to the Bodleian by the late Sir John Shelley-Rolls. Exploring these with the passion of an enthusiast, Neville Rogers (then a schoolmaster working under many practical difficulties) produced what he himself accurately describes as "an analysis of Shelley's thought patterns based on an investigation of his writing methods". Eleven years after the first appearance of the book Professor Rogers has eliminated a number of minor mistakes (unfortunately one or two others have made their appearance: Professor Peter Butler appears on page 301 as Paul Butler and in the index as Paul Butters); added notes on a number of matters of importance, and rewritten the final pages of the chapters on "To A Skylark" and "The Triumph of Life". His discussion of the latter poem, in which he takes into account the important work of G. M. Matthews and Donald H. Reiman, will be read with particular interest. No one will agree with everything that Professor Rogers has to say, while a number of his rival Shel-

leyans will disagree with a great deal. What no one is likely to disagree with is that *Shelley at Work*, with all its faults and eccentricities, is an important study that has exerted a most beneficial influence on the study of the most frequently misunderstood of all our major poets.

From his early teens Keyes was markedly fluent in his use of words and as soon as he began to write poems he showed the kind of facility which often accompanies artistic genius. The language in which they were written was a rough Victorian romanticism, rhetorical and vague, lacking exact images, his poems expressing a doubt genuine anguish or pleasure in language that is frequently almost the commerce of little limbs in fog and rain. Crying limb and eyeball, waiting for the (This particular phrase seems to have its origin in a nineties poem, "A Sea and I Play on Little Limbs" by opera "I") In poem after poem serious themes are trivialized by an extreme use of rhetoric or into a highly literary theme in "The Grail" and an attempt to discover "a sort of Ulysses" in the "Thule of Romanticism". Always he preferred the vagueness which for him seems to have been an essential element of poetry to direct statement or observation. Compare the wordiness of "Gaiety", his invitation to the sea with the vividness of Hart Crane's "Voyages". Look at the commonplace treatment of sadism in the poem about Gilda and Reiz. Several of the later poems begin well, with something genuinely new, like the images of the field and the sea in "Two Offices of a Sonnet", but they almost all drift into lines like those with which this poem ends: I am in love with the rhythms of dead limbs. I am in love with all those who have entered back, 166.)

The night that smells of petals and a dead limb.

Keyes was unfortunate in having Oxford friends who indulged in worst verbal excesses, and there are signs in some of the later poems that he might have developed into a very different kind of poet. But we can judge only by what we have, and the work he left really was "war poetry", as that of his Oxford contemporary Keith Douglas and Drummond Major was not, in the sense that its poems would have received little attention except during a war. (It is in wartime could one critic have discovered "austerity" in verse notable for its self-indulgence, and another have claimed that he was the first English poet effectively to turn Continental symbolism to the English Romantic tradition? He has been compared with Brooke, but he is a little of Brooke's interest in form of his bustling intelligence. On the other hand, for example, nor "Silfrod" but there is more than enough to show the range and vigour of this still remarkably underrated poet.

He has wisely decided to include a whole volume—the 1812 *Tales*—and a fair sampling of other poems, including about two-thirds of *The Register* and about half of *The Borough*. He does not claim to have printed all the "best" of Crabbe. ("The Election" is not Crabbe," for example, nor "Silfrod" but there is more than enough to show the range and vigour of this still remarkably underrated poet.

In his introduction, Mr. Mills seeks to provide a "definitive assessment" than to raise as many critical questions as possible. He takes the "historical" (notably W. L. Renwick) severely to task for what he feels to be their blindness to the changes in Crabbe's work over its thirty years, and their lack of insight into the pressures and tensions that lay behind it. What he is really blaming them for, however, is less a critical incompetence than a failure as historians, for the essential facts were all there, in the son's life of his father. It is a pity that Mr. Mills's often justified indignation leads him at times into an unnecessary cantankerousness. "Admittedly nobody takes the Oxford Histories seriously," and at other times, more importantly, into a blitheness of what critics of Crabbe have written. For example, Mrs. Macmillan does not say that in many poems Crabbe's interest was "sociological," rather than sociological, as Mr. Mills alleges, but she does delight in the analysis of the poet's matter of psychological, rather than sociological, "interest". Again, there is an occasional aside, as on "Fielding's sense of forgiveness and redemption, indignation at heartlessness," which is less than sensitive and goes to the head with a tendency to generalize about what Mr. Mills has said, and rightly dismissed as "a uniformly uniform eighteenth-century arrangement notwithstanding."

Dr. Owen's notes are workmanlike, though an opportunity has been missed of providing support for the rather brief section in the introduction on sources and analogues. There are one or two noticeable omissions (it is decidedly odd to discuss the background of "Tintern Abbey" without referring either to the Conversation Poems of Coleridge, or to the dogma of the One Life), and there is the occasional error of fact. But in spite of these flaws the book offers a very handy and informative introduction to the subject of *Lyrical Ballads*. As a bonus, there is in the appendix a text of the 1800 Preface which has more than usual authority, in that Dr. Owen is co-editor of the forthcoming Prose Works.

## STERNEST BUT BEST

GRACE CRABBE: *Tales, 1812, and Other Selected Poems*. Edited by Howard Mills. 445pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 10s. (Paperback, 16s.)

For too long now the complete works of Crabbe have been out of print. Because of this, says Mr. Mills, the vicious circle of taste is excluding Crabbe from study. When he is studied, usually with reference to a handful of poems imposed by thin, cramped selections.

"Would this" and "cramped" would be unjust epithets for, say, F. W. Whitehead's selection in *Millennium's Queen's Classics* series, there is no doubt that this much fuller compilation by Mr. Mills will be most welcome.

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## MUCH CRY'D UP

*The Poems of John Cleveland*. Edited by Brian Morris and Eleanor Withington. Ixxvii, 175pp. Clarendon Press: O.U.P. £3.

John Cleveland, "that much cry'd up Poet" as his friends called him, "the wittiest knave of the whole crew" as his enemies acknowledged, was a Cambridge don with a talent for turning up strong-lined verses on topical subjects to amuse his colleagues, whom political passion empowered to write half a dozen memorable poems. Such was his reputation in his own day that not only were twenty-five editions of his poems published in the forty years 1647-87, but 100 or more poems by lesser men were fathered on him and included in these collections. His latest editors' principal task has been to determine which of 147 attributed poems Cleveland actually wrote, and they argue convincingly for the certain retention of only thirty (one of these a Latin *carmen ludiparum*) with another thirteen (one a Latin version of a poem by Lovelace) probably by him. It is not much to form the basis of so great a contemporary reputation, even if the grotesque extravagance of his manner, which led to such coinages as *Clevelandly* and *Clevelandian*, must have helped: for it is always easier to attract attention by standing on your head instead of walking upright.

Cleveland's donnish wit—the pun is justifiable—demands so elaborate and recondite a commentary that the common reader can scarcely retain it in his head long enough to read the poem to which it refers, and for those which are concerned with trivial happenings at Cambridge in the 1630s he is not very likely to try—except, perhaps, in the elegy which accompanied *Lyridas* in the memorial volume for Edward King. A few poems on frequent seventeenth-century themes ("Upon Phyllis walking in a morning before Sunrise", "A Young Man to an Old Woman Courting him", "A Fair Nymph scorning a Black boy courting her"), are no better nor worse than many another of their kind. "A Song of Mark Antony", if only the music had survived, might appear less mystically confused than Saintsbury thought; without it, we can only suspend judgment. But Cleveland's most notable work is in the couplets which he used to praise William Laud and Prince Rupert, or to attack the Puritans and the Scots; and the pleasures of hating urged him to the greater energy. Indeed "The Rebel Scot" which contains his two most remembered lines,

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom, Not forced him wander, but confined him home, has something of the vituperative

terminology of the Jacobean era. The dances, which were central, defy even description. It seems here justice that some chorographers' names should have been preserved, but it is not very helpful. Yet dance, one of the most ephemeral of the arts, is not therefore the most ignoble. Bacon declared it "a mean and vulgar thing", but when Jonson moved in to the attack his quarrel was not with the dancers, it was with the stage-carpet, with "mythology . . . painted on slit deal".

Forty-eight plates, prepared by Shyl Rosenfeld from the notebooks of Inigo Jones, display the rival talent that Jonson was deriding. (His design for the set of a masque by Jonson was illustrated on the front page of the *TLS* last week.) It is impressive. Jones was not only endlessly inventive, he must also have been very practical. His "fiery Spirits", required for *The Lord's Masque* in 1613 and inevitably brandishing torches, do not seem to have set themselves or anybody else on fire. Professor Bentley takes Jonson's side and dismisses as "testy and pedestrian" the graceful *spectacula* with which Daniel, in the preface to *Tethys' Festival*, belittles the genre and his own contribution to it, and leads Jones forward, as Jonson had in his time, to share the applause. Jonson and Daniel were at one about the place of spectacle. "It is a noble and just advantage," says Jonson, that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense, that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other

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ANDERS HAGEN: *Norway*. 205pp.

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Thames and Hudson. £2 2s.

Three things combine to make the prehistory of Norway a distinctive and attractive field of study. Norway is the most northerly country of continental Europe; it has an extraordinarily long coastline stretching from east of the Varanger Fjord in the north to east of Oslo in the south; and it is composed of contrasted regions. By way of extreme example, Finnmark faces the Arctic Ocean to the north and is connected eastwards to the north and east of the Gulf Stream, whereas the Oslo Fjord looks south to western Europe and so down to the Mediterranean, with all the differences in cultural influence this implies. The coastal regions are unusually rocky, but a great feature of islands and skerries makes seaborne communication reasonably easy over its entire length; its waters are filled with fish, and the Gulf Stream preserves it from the worst rigours of an Arctic winter. Inland there are extensive forests, high mountain areas, some of them ice-bound, and a number of genial valleys well suited to crop and animal husbandry. One result of this variety is that the accepted periods of prehistory tend not to coincide in time over the whole country; a second is that Norway is of high importance for a study of the hunter's way of life from the earliest period of human activity there to the Age of Migrations.

The puzzles start early. That hunters and fishers lived in parts of Norway as soon as the recession of the last Ice Age permitted has been known for a good while. There were the Fosna people whose representatives have been traced near and east of Oslo, around Finse in the interior and on coastal sites between Bergen and Trondheim; and the Komsa people further north on the coast of Finnmark. Where did these resourceful first inhabitants come from? Probably the Fosna people (and those predecessors of theirs recently illuminated by the Hognipen find) moved in from the south, but Professor Hagen is chary of the hypothesis which would bring the Komsa people in from the east. Any firm conclusion, he rightly thinks, must wait on a much fuller archaeological investigation of the remains. The Neolithic culture is of somewhat later date, and its presumed origins in eastern Norway and the coastal districts of western Sweden have been less warmly debated. The most striking circumstance here is the evidence of extensive quarrying for greenstone carried out by the Neolithic people on the small island of Hespöholm, and its conveyance by boat over treacherous waters to the main island of Bømlo, about halfway between Stavanger and Bergen. Such witness to a sustained cooperative enterprise among our early forefathers is certainly impressive, and one hopes it is not sentimental to find it cheering.

Thereafter Professor Hagen pursues his story along accustomed lines, by way of the Neolithic Age and the first farmers, past the sub-Neolithic cultures and the Bronze Age with their marked overlappings, on to the defined periods of the Iron Age—always with the proviso that the less accessible regions of the country lagged well behind the south. Indeed, he speculates whether there was ever a "pure" culture in Norway in these early times. Some of his most interesting remarks concern the village settlements by the Varanger Fjord in sub-Neolithic times, for on skeletal evidence the physical anthropologists conclude that during the period 1500 B.C. to the first century A.D. these villagers were of a Nordic racial type, and therefore of the same physical type as the inhabitants of southern Norway—a fact surprising in itself and upsetting to many earlier notions of prehistoric ethnology. It is, by the way, a constant virtue of this brief but authoritative book that it takes account of the latest scholarship and invites the reader to do some thinking for himself. The Lapps, we know, had arrived in northern Norway before the "Norwegians" settled there in the late Iron Age.

As is customary with the Scandinavian volumes of the "Ancient Peoples and Places" series, the late Iron Age is treated sparsely, no doubt to avoid trespass on Professor Arbman's volume about the Vikings. But too sparsely, one would think. There is not even a mention of that famous Norwegian Otter (Othert) who distinguished so helpfully on northern geography, trade, and economy to his lord King Alfred. The one personal name in the index is that of the Roman emperor Constantine I, and this only because it occurs on a coin. Professor Hagen sees the Viking Age as the last phase of Norwegian prehistory, which to many historians must appear a highly preemptive point of view. But this is an archaeologist's book and a very good one. It has been competently translated by Miss Elizabeth Seeborg, and is appositely illustrated with 75 plates and 75 text-figures after the fashion of its valuable series.

Whether or not his findings are entirely acceptable, the value of the enterprise is undeniable. He and his companions have done more than confirm the probability that the Norwegians reached north America; they have demonstrated the improbability of their not having done so. Like all researchers for Vinland, he has determined views about its location; arguing persuasively, but in an undogmatic and unpretentious fashion, in favour of Martha's Vineyard. The case rests in the last resort upon an interpretation of the topographical and navigational indications found in the Norse sagas. It must, therefore, in the nature of things be inconclusive. Nevertheless, until the whereabouts of the Vinland settlement is confirmed beyond doubt by archaeological evidence, men will try, and rightly so, to discover it, as Mr. Anderson has done, by an approach from the sea. Few, however, will write as good a book as this about their adventures in the tracks of Leif Eriksson.

At a time when archaeology is popular as never before, and when it is increasing our knowledge of the past at an unprecedented rate, it is not easy to recall how recent this all is and how much of it is owed to Sir Mortimer himself, to the excavational techniques which he perfected between the wars on sites such as Verulamium and Maiden Castle and to the standards of meticulous, imaginative presentation which he set in publishing them. These have become so much a part of the common stock of archaeological training that their source is often forgotten. Worse, in the hands of lesser practitioners they can, and all too often do, become an end in themselves. Sir Mortimer does it well to remind us with his customary vigour that the purpose of excavation is neither the magpie accumulation of random information about the past nor the enrichment of museums. We dig up objects to learn about the people who made them and used them. People not things. To Sir Mortimer it is above all the humanity of archaeological studies that gives them value today.

Another fundamental requirement is the creative imagination that leaps boundaries, whether they be the boundaries that divide the traditional disciplines or simply the physical boundaries imposed by geography. In his introduction to the book, Sir Mortimer writes of the "creative imagination that leaps boundaries, whether they be the boundaries that divide the traditional disciplines or simply the physical boundaries imposed by geography." This is a book that is not only a pleasure to read but also a valuable addition to the study of man's past.

IN THE WAKE OF LEIF ERIKSSON

J. R. L. ANDERSON: *Vinland Voyage*. 278pp. 16 plates. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 5s.

Mr. J. R. L. Anderson, the assistant editor and yachting editor of the *Guardian*, was inspired by the publication in October, 1965, of Yale University's *Vinland Map* "to try to rediscover America by the old Norse route via Iceland and Greenland, of about one thousand years ago" with the object of establishing the whereabouts of Vinland. He sailed from Scarborough on May 2, 1966, in the forty-four-foot cutter *Griffin*, built nearly twenty years earlier as a racing yacht, with five companions, including Lieutenant T. R. Lee, R.N., a specialist in navigation, and steered by way of the Faeroe Islands, Iceland and Greenland to a safe landfall at Martha's Vineyard on June 27. Being a good journalist, as well as an enthusiastic Vinlander, Mr. Anderson has recorded the story of the quest in a book which makes a splendid addition to the literature of deep-sea voyages in small boats.

Following the best tradition in English writing about ships and the men who go down to the sea in them, he tells in plain and unadorned prose the story of the preparations, of the daily routine and of the *Griffin's* battles with the North Atlantic and her own defects. These were serious: a faulty rudder which was repaired at the Faeroes, an unreliable engine which never responded to treatment and a mainsail which was repeatedly split. Even though undertaken in the summer months the voyage, like those of sixteenth-century English seamen in the northern latitudes, was a rough and uncomfortable business. The *Griffin* met high winds, ice, and, perhaps most frightening of all, fog. Mr. Anderson still has a vivid recollection of the sickly fear which beset him while on watch, lest the bows of a great ship should suddenly loom out of the fog above the fragile hull of the cutter.

The aim of John Anderson's endeavour was not to test himself, but to test the literary evidence for the Norse Vinland voyages against practical experience in the waters where those voyages were made.

DR. LEAKEY'S SKULL

L. S. B. LEAKEY (Editor): *Olduvai Gorge*. Volume 2: P. V. TOMBIA: *Cranium and Maxillary Dentition of Australopithecus (Zinjanthropus) boisei*. 264pp. Cambridge University Press. £4 10s.

The rocks of south and east Africa have yielded a wonderful crop of the fossil remains of animals which, if not man's direct ancestors, were closely related to the stock from which he is descended. Most of these fossils have been very fragmentary—tantalizing morsels for piecing together the evolutionary course of the hominids. The study of them has been bedevilled by the fact that each discoverer of a new fossil has emphasized its differences from other specimens, instead of stressing similarities. In consequence the over-enthusiastic enthusiasts have rushed into giving each new find a specific and often a new generic name before it had been examined critically, thus adding confusion to the difficult task of interpreting what is at best but incomplete evidence.

The discovery in 1939 of the fragments of a fossil skull lacking the bottom jaw in the lower levels of the Olduvai exposure was no exception. Flying in the face of all advice, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey insisted on giving it a new generic and specific name. There was much controversy, but now that emotions have calmed down he accepts that his *Zinjanthropus boisei* is in fact a member of the genus *Australopithecus*. It has been possible to fit the broken bits of the skull together with fair accuracy and gain some idea of what the skull probably looked like when it was intact. A point of great interest is that the stratigraphical level at which the skull was found has been dated with reasonable assurance by the potassium-argon method to well over a million years and possibly as much as 1,750,000 years ago.

In his introduction Professor Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark points out the very wide distribution in space, and particularly in time, of the australopithecines that this specimen reveals. It is separated from the almost identically similar skulls of the robust variety of *Australopithecus* from South Africa by a gap of a million years or more. The genus must therefore have been long-lived, but Sir Wilfrid thinks that it would be surprising if the East African populations of *Australopithecus* did not show some degree of morphological difference from the South African populations, though he may doubt whether such differences are adequate to postulate generic distinctions. It may even be that there were no more than very specific distinctions.

Nevertheless it is claimed that the results of Professor Tobias's detailed analysis suggest that *Zinjanthropus boisei* may be classed as a distinct species of the genus *Australopithecus*, related to the two South African variants of the genus, the robust and the slender kinds, with the specific name *A. boisei*.

The skull was found on a firing floor in association with broken animal bones and primitive artefacts of the Oldowan culture. At first it was claimed that the specimen was made by *A. boisei*, but the subsequent discovery near by of the remains of *Homo habilis* has led to the suggestion that *A. boisei* was the hunter but *A. habilis* the hunter. It thus appears likely that *A. boisei* was possibly but improbably a user of bone tools, was not responsible for the Oldowan culture and was not the main line of human evolution. The main line of human evolution lies the possibility that the australopithecines were tool-users, and concludes that they were not.

At every australopithecine site at which stone tools occur in association with hominid remains, there is evidence of the sympatric and synchronous co-existence of a more advanced hominid alongside the australopithecine.

Professor Tobias has made a most meticulous and exhaustive examination of the skull; he describes and defines with great clarity its many features and makes many comparisons with other skulls of the Oldowan culture and with the fossil and modern man and ape. The text is illuminated by forty-two detailed, photographic plates in which every detail discussed is clearly revealed. This book is primarily for the specialist but it will also arouse the general interest because, in addition to describing the skull, it provides a thorough review of the early history of the hominids.

THE VIKINGS AT HOME

JACQUELINE SIMPSON: *Everyday Life in the Viking Age*. 208pp. Batsford. 25s.

There will surely be a welcome for Miss Simpson's scholarly and pleasant book. Interest in the Vikings has grown considerably of late, and may be expected to grow further, so it becomes important that we should see them whole rather than in part, and not from too constricted a southern viewpoint. They were fine sailors and their voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and America have become credible as never before. They were famed soldiers and pirates. The historians in Great Britain and western Europe now chronicle their exploits with more insight and less indignation than used to be the case. We are increasingly aware of their role as traders and farmers, and this in itself should reduce prejudice and

remove misconception. In short, we are learning that the Vikings were men first and Vikings second, cast in the mould of their time, and under the usual human compulsions to make a living by land and water, by agriculture, fishing and hunting, services and manufacture, trade and tribute, and the profits of war.

How did they prosecute these activities? And what were they like at home? These are the questions Miss Simpson seeks to answer for the period c. 790-1050, with chapters on agriculture, houses, and costume, trade, voyages and market towns and the goods they dealt in; weapons and the profession of arms; the classes of society and the bases of family life; games, entertainments, arts and crafts; religious practices and funeral rites. An alphabetic sampling of part of the index is another way to savour the range and variety of the matters discussed: animals (domestic), beds, cosmetics, drink, earthenware, furs, games, hangings and horse-fighting, and so forward to robes, and rituals, slaves, tools, Ulfbert swords, vengeance, women, and Yule. Her sources are documentary and archaeological, and she provides an abundance of reliable information in a clear, assimilable fashion. The likelihood of a revision in the immediate future may be that of religious belief and practice, where we may be forced to make still more drastic revisions from the late-saga evidence which Miss Simpson treats with a very proper caution.

A few years ago, by way of an awful warning, a Scandinavian periodical, as lively as it is learned, produced a composite and "typical" figure of a Viking in full panoply. It then proceeded to demonstrate that no such animal had ever existed, and that he was a product of the romantic imagination. No reader of Miss Simpson's volume will ever again see the Vikings in fancy dress. Her text is supplemented by more than 120 illustrations, and the drawings made by Erik Wilson are exactly what is required. Indeed, it would be helpful to have more.

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**THE SUNDAY MIRROR**  
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RITUAL AND GOSPEL

R. B. SNATHE (Editor): *Leviticus and Numbers*. 364pp. 50s. E. EARLE ELLIS (Editor): *The Gospel of Luke*. 322pp. 45s. The Century Bible New Editions. Nelson.

"The Century Bible" was a name well known to a previous generation of students as that of a highly esteemed series of biblical commentaries, which combined authoritative scholarship with popular presentation. It was published in thirty-four volumes, of pocket-book size, in the last ten or so years of the present century. The text chosen for comment was the text of the English Revised Version; the General Editor was Dr. W. F. Adeney; and each volume sold for as little as five shillings.

During the 1920s some of the New Testament volumes were revised and enlarged slightly in content, but the format remained the same. Now come the first two volumes of what is described as a "New Edition". It is in fact a completely new work, even though designed on the same basic principles. There are two General Editors—Emeritus Professor H. H. Rowley for the Old Testament and Professor Matthew Black for the New. The text chosen for comment is that of the American Standard Version; and the format is that of the individual volumes has been increased to library standard—now means in practice that one now has to pay something like eighteen shillings for a book which is only a few times as bulky! What is new in the "New Edition" is the general plan and scope of each text, and the combination of authoritative scholarship and popular presentation.

Dr. Black is an American, and his *Gospel of Luke* inevitably invites comparison with other recent commentaries on this Gospel. On the whole it stands the test very well. Convinced that St. Luke was a careful historian who did not "invent" events to serve his interests, Dr. Black nevertheless thinks that he can be appreciated best when he is recognised also as a theologian and *liturgist*. And so, when dealing with what he calls "The Manifestation at Nazareth" (Luke IV, 16-30), Dr. Black identifies the incident with the similar, one recorded as having taken place in a different context at Matthew xlii, 53-58 and Mark vi, 1-6. St. Luke, Dr. Black says, "employs a different source and changes the Markan setting"; and the episode has been "used as a transitional piece" and "placed at the juncture in the Gospel for a thematic purpose." Such a refusal to be pushed to extremes is both sensible and refreshing when one takes into account much that is being written about St. Luke today, especially on the Continent.

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STORM-CENTRAL

E. W. NICHOLSON: *Deuteronomy and Tradition*. 145pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 25s.

During the past half-century the book known by its Septuagintal misnomer as *Deuteronomy* has been a storm-centre in Old Testament studies. Its date, authorship and provenance have been the source of widely differing theories. Dr. Nicholson's book, a work of distinguished scholarship, will be welcomed by all Old Testament students. He not only offers a fully documented account of all the theories which have attempted to solve the historical and literary problems of *Deuteronomy*, but also propounds an interesting theory of his own which deserves serious consideration.

Already in the early 1920s the issue of the date and provenance of the book had been raised. Welch had argued for a seventh-century date and an origin in northern Israel, while Kennett had argued strongly for a post-exilic date and an origin in Judaea, the theory of a northern origin for the book has been revived in a new form as the result of form-critical studies. In Dr. Nicholson's words, "The new understanding has come about because of the discovery of a traditional basis upon which the book stands—the traditions of the old Israelite amphitryony—as well as the new insights into the important role played by the cult in the formation of the literature of the Old Testament."

This new approach is due largely to the work of Professor Noth, of which Dr. Nicholson gives a full account. On the other hand the northern theory, even in its new form, fails to explain the strongly based Hebrew tradition of the finding of a law-book in the Temple at Jerusalem in the reign of Josiah in 621 A.C., which most Old Testament scholars identify with an original form of *Deuteronomy*, before it passed through the hands of post-exilic editors to assume its final form. Professor von Rad, while accepting Noth's amphitryony theory, and the cultic origins of the book, has put forward the view that *Deuteronomy* originated among circles of Levites in the Judean countryside in the seventh century B.C. Of this view Dr. Nicholson says:

On the basis of a form-critical analysis of the book von Rad concludes that it has a two-fold nature. On the one hand it contains a great deal of old cultic material, series of apodictic commandments and priestly formulae, all of which have been worked over and presented homogeneously. In addition to this he sees *Deuteronomy* as impregnated with the ideology of the old sacrificial institution of the Holy War.

From these facts Professor von Rad concludes that the authors of *Deuteronomy* were the bearers of a priestly and cultic tradition stemming ultimately from the period of the tribal league. The many difficulties presented by this view are carefully and convincingly set forth by the author, who finally offers a theory which he suggests may reconcile the conflicting elements in the problem of *Deuteronomy*. He suggests that the book originated among circles of prophets who were active in northern Israel and fled south to Judaea in the belief that the future of Israel as Yahweh's covenant people lay with the southern people who had not been relatively untouched by the destruction wrought by the Assyrians upon their northern brethren. The implications of this attractive theory are carefully worked out by the author.

It is most encouraging to find a piece of such admirable scholarship emanating from a member of the younger generation of Old Testament scholars, of whom it may be hopefully said: in the words of the Psalmist, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."



## FELLOW

J. I. M. STEWART: *Vanderlyn's Kingdom*. 288pp. Gollancz. 25s.

It is always a relief to read a novel by such a complete professional as J. I. M. Stewart, even though, as here, it falls short of complete achievement. *Vanderlyn's Kingdom* is basically about the dangers of trying to organize and direct the creative life of an artist when one has no intrinsic feeling for the end product. The narrator, Jeremy Sheldoff, a young Oxford don, forms a strange friendship with a rich American couple, Bernard and Louise Vanderlyn. Louise is interested in forming some kind of educational foundation. When Sheldoff next meets Vanderlyn, Louise is dead and Vanderlyn is practising her theories on an Aegean island where he has instituted a study haven for artists among whom is the brilliant young Mark Varley, a former Oxford acquaintance of Sheldoff's. Vanderlyn is married again, to a young and beautiful wife, Gemma. He is also obsessed with Mark, treating him as a second son, forcing his talent, putting him in an impossible relationship with Gemma. Tensions gather; the boy cracks under the strain of having his slender talent smothered in an unfamiliar glasshouse, never being allowed to be himself. He is also hopelessly in love with Gemma, implicated with Bernard's stepdaughter (by Louise), and antagonized by Gemma's Greek boy favourite. Finally, fate, in the form of an earthquake, takes its toll.

Always engrossing in a welcoming, explicit style, the book never really breaks the skin of the problems it attacks. It is as if too much were explained: too much that should be hinted at and felt, obscurely is taken out, examined and deprived of its basic mystery. The Oxford setting is consummately, if sometimes sentimentally, done; the high table conversation convincing and worthy of its subjects; the level of concern unflinchingly high. But one is always conscious of an intelligence stooping to make itself comprehensible to the General Reader, a determination to make all things clear whatever the cost.

## MELLOW

CITAH BERNANT: *Swinging in the Rain*. 157pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

*Swinging in the Rain* makes its appearance rather belatedly. It should be strictly summer holiday reading or—so slight is it—bank-holiday weekend reading. The book is the reverse of compulsive reading. Yet the author claims in an "Historical Warning" which takes the place of a preface, that its purpose remains at least semi-serious, "a protest against the pace of change and against instant everything, including instant—indeed, constant—sex. In essence, it is a sign for mellowness."

Unfortunately Mr. Bernant's targets are only too obvious. His central character is a Conservative chocolate manufacturer, with a fading, querulous and vaguely dissatisfied wife, a daughter who is "a pseudo-problem", particularly with respect to her chastity, and a son whom he regards with some reason as "an imbecile". The chocolate maker's main ambition is to standardize the shape, flavour and wrapping of chocolates throughout the nation of the world; hence the founding of "Inter-Choc", a tiny and indeed liquefying basis which nevertheless allows the author to tilt at the United Nations, the Foreign Office, the Common Market, television interviews, parties for gossip-column "personalities", the *New Statesman* (by the foundation of a rival called the *Old Statesman* with a leader headed "Ottoluted Virtues"), the law, and a private school which is but the dimmest dim shade of Llanabba.

Most of the jokes are on the level of: "I'm all for sex, if, perhaps, in an old-fashioned way. I like it to be conducted through the usual channels" or (when the manufacturer explains how he feels after being shot through the stomach) "My colon has been reduced to a semi-solid". Sweetness and light and mellowness? If so it is the sweetness of the soft-center and the lightness of the Light Programme and the mellowness, after all, of the autumnal.

## GREY COMEDY

ROBERT TROOP: *The Hammering*. 269pp. Michael Joseph. 30s.  
MICHAEL ORSLER: *The Imperial Room*. 253pp. Longmans. 25s.

Two books that deal in different ways with an increasingly inhuman and impersonal world. Robert Troop and Michael Orsler have both turned to black comedy and ironic farce—always a deliberately dehumanized form—to express a growing concern with the chaos and greed, futility and selfishness lurking beneath the civilized suburban surface. Mr. Troop's hopeless put-upon hero is Peter Horensen, an assimilated Jewish investment consultant who fails to take his own advice over a little flutter and lands himself in debt to the tune of £3,800; a deliberately pathetic sum by city standards, but enough to destroy his own commuted security. He appeals for help to his domitory-town friends, but all importantly demand increasingly surreal returns for their aid, ranging from advice to a mad old American in his scheme to take over the town and put back-bone into the British, to stud duty for a well-bred but infertile ex-Air Commodore, the scion of the golf club and symbol of the decaying British upper class. In the end, Horensen, rejected alike by wife (who sees his tragedy as a means to personal fulfilment in the charity field), children (who never noticed him much anyway) and friends, he retires to contemplate the muddy banks of the Thames.

The sterility of commuter England, indeed the sterility of England itself, is fair enough game, as indeed is man's inhumanity to man; but both these themes eventually elude the author, one because the English class system is seen, and imperfectly understood, from outside (the author is Canadian by birth and education) and the other because what the blurb calls his "almost casual intellectual strength"—that is, the power sickly to shape many an amusing quotation for his own ends—is no substitute for an organizing intelligence. The most opaque transatlantic verbosity trends on the heels of pertinent observations. Control

## INTERPENETRATIONS

JAMES KENNAWAY: *Some Gorgeous Accident*. 194pp. Longmans. 25s.

*Some Gorgeous Accident* involves primarily three characters. The first is Link, a one-time ace news-photographer who has covered wars and crises all over the world, but who is now going downhill: he is hard-drinking, complex, introspective. The second, Fiddle, is a dedicated doctor running a vaguely unorthodox clinic for the mentally as well as physically sick. He conceals a deep humanitarianism behind a laconic, withdrawn manner. The third is a girl, Susie, beautiful, generous, vulnerable. She is a born victim.

All three are lonely, all potentially self-destructive, and potentially destructive of one another, yet each is searching for contact, for love. Mr. Kennaway's technique is to show dramatically their juxtaposed self-

revelations and their varied and various responses to events and to their own inter-relationships. At first this approach may appear staccato, for there is no straight story line, but it is very skilfully handled; the links are of atmosphere and tone. The feel of London, swinging in the void, is excellently conveyed—the pseudo-excitement, the mocked and mocking "hip" language, the wrecked telephone kiosks, the casual love affairs. And underneath is "the canyon of loneliness". But you have to keep going. And you can always move on, to Rome, or Paris, or New York, or the East. "The world," as one exiled Lithuanian describes it, "was a chain of displaced camps that were more comfortable than they used to be."

## GIRL MEETS GIRL

MADLEINE RILEY: *A Spot Bigger than God*. 190pp. Gollancz. 21s.  
MONICA STIRLING: *The Summer of a Dormouse*. 239pp. Collins. 25s.

Two girlies are gripped by the Life Force and at odds with their mothers. Genny, the thin dark one, is the child of a North Oxford lady, dedicated to promoting "miscegenation", of course she falls for a dull plump blonde with a narrow convent background, drops into the arms of a lecherous, Indian student with an arranged marriage awaiting him in Bombay.

The story is taken no deeper than a rather obvious contrasting of the two girls and the ups and downs of their affairs; yet religion is allowed to stand in the way of true love? Genny has Mitty daydreams and a temper; Rose is cheerfully absorbed in sex together, they amuse themselves by pretending to be lesbians. Somehow they lack charm and spirit (one thinks of early Edna O'Brien girls); too cowed by the need to catch their men at all costs to be interesting. Monica Stirling's tale of a child psychiatric clinic in Bavaria, refuge

of Karen, a suicidal young film star, is presumably meant to be something of a modern fairy story. Doctors and nurses divide into beneficent and evil spirits with a wonderful simplicity. The rich, disturbed patients are comic, touching, picturesque in their troubles and fantasies. Among the many literary allusions Hans Andersen predominates, and it may be that the author is working a vein of interest aroused by her recent biography of him. Certainly she is at her best in the fanciful passages; less sure and convincing in her presentation of the sane.

Three new novels have appeared in Arco Publications' Fitzroy Edition of the works of Jack London. They are *The God of His Fathers*, *Marlin Eden* and *The Jucker* (25s. each). *The Star Rover* (the title under which *The Star* originally appeared in America) is also published by Collins.

## FAIR COPS

KENNETH GILES: *Death and Mr. Prettyman*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.  
BAIS H. DEAI: *Fancy's Knell*. 156pp. Gollancz. 18s.  
JOYCE PORTER: *The Chinks in the Curtain*. 191pp. Cape. 18s.  
HENRY CALVIN: *A Nice Friendly Town*. 150pp. Hutchinson. 18s.

A few years ago it looked as if a new generation of writers such as Kenneth Giles was going to give new life to that always promising form of thriller, police detection. What seemed to be promised was a certain realism, of people, of environment, and of the work itself, and a more serious pursuit of the material, unbound by formula.

Too soon, the hopes have been disappointed, and Mr. Giles' new book, *Death and Mr. Prettyman*, is a useful type-example. Harry James, who showed substantial promise as a Detective-Sergeant in the first book, *Some Beats No More*, has settled down into sub-Alleynism, with fancy waistcoats and a nice little wife (she may be the girl of the first book, but is so undifferentiated she might be anyone). The pair of them have a cosy Officer/O.R. relationship with the comic bookish Sergeant, and a passion for high-sounding but somewhat peculiar dishes (distinctly odd to egg-and-breadcrumb wine-soaked goose and then put it in a white sauce), and the usual line in stale, sharp marital back-chat. Scotland Yard is peopled with avuncular superiors, kind hearts 'neath crusty exteriors—we recall Miss Marsh's Superintendent Yeo—and there are backgrounds of London and sub-county types, best achieved, long ago, by Margery Allingham. There's quite a substantial plot, this time to do with lawyers and trusts and an apparent Jill-the-Ripper, and with a more palatable framework, a good book was here. But as with so many of its mates, the general tone is vulgar and knowing in a Sunday-supplement way. In short, police detection is still a guide to not very gracious living rather than—

but it is not for the reviewer to say what it ought to be, only miserably to record that it still is not it. The corrupt township is a favourite theme in American thrillers; in *Fancy's Knell* the corruption is a kind of sexual arrangement one can imagine being approved of by American sociologists if discovered in primitive tribes. But in the southern town of Bellefonte this dark secret rouses so much shame and rage among the prosperous middle classes

## CRIMINUSCUE

LILIAN JACKSON BRAUN: *The Girl Who Could Read Backwards*. 191pp. Collins. 16s.

More and more Siamese to appear in United States detective fiction, but this is a better cat than any and a real help to the aging newsman in solving the arty murders in a midwest town.

ELLIS PETERS: *Black is the Color of My True Love's Heart*. 219pp. Collins. 16s.

Young Dominic, son of Detective Superintendent Felse, is at a lull song weekend in a fine folly of a country house, together with his friend Tossa. We have met neither before, and their loving way normally plays chorus to more passionate as the old ballads sound off in the background. Mr. Peters is a good thriller-writer, and for his characters and his craft his title is absurdly long.

## POP. ART

JAMES BLISH: *The Seedling Stars*. 185pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.  
M. K. JOSEPH: *The Hole in the Zero*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.  
BRIAN W. ALDIS: *An Age*. 224pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.  
JOHN WYNDHAM, MURRAY LEINSTER, JACK WILLIAMSON: *A Sense of Wonder*. 3 SF Stories. 197pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 16s.

Most of the stories that make up James Blish's new collection will be new to British readers, although they were written ten years ago. They confirm him as one of the best live or six living writers of science fiction. The theme that underlies *The Seedling Stars* is Man's efforts to populate the universe, not by transforming hostile environments to suit himself but by adapting himself to alien conditions, while retaining his basic humanity. Blish's "men" are found in these stories in places as disparate as one of Jupiter's moons (where their chemical structure has been altered to one based on ammonia and sulphur) and the bottom of the sea (where they exist in microscopic form). His ability to convey without undue emphasis the fundamental human link that exists between our kind and the alien races in their surroundings is as flawless as his skill in implying the social and political changes consequent on technological advance.

The first two chapters of *The Hole in the Zero* suggest that Professor Joseph is the most stylish writer of satirical SF since Vonnegut. Boss Kraag, a tycoon, his daughter Helena, and his heir Merganser arrive at the edge of the universe for a trip into Chaos. They are met by the local warden Paradise, who lives in a cliché setting tended by a robot who impersonates stock characters of fiction. Once in Chaos, the expedition is sabotaged by Merganser, and the four characters are plunged into a series of episodes, without logic or continuity, sometimes alone and sometimes encountering each other

who practice it as virtually to the civic duty of discovering and raping and murdering the beautiful too-much-tormented woman. This is a first novel and it is hardly surprising that it is a bad one. It is a moral indignation as a plot, but certainly there is promise here.

"Robust" is a right epithet for Joyce Porter's sense of fun—she plays round her revolting detective agent Brown, both from humor and shunted on to Paris. A fast-moving story, this, with industrial espionage as its core, and enforced American-Russo cooperation as the titular villains. The property is charming and there are corpses of orgies galore, but what the *Ac* Martin and the beautiful girl doing on the jacket, Cape says knows.

Henry Calvin is good with simpleton heroes whose right-thinking naivety makes rings round the sophisticated. This one is as long as a Forfar plumber up for a visit in wicked Glasgow. An amusing, well-adventured creature in an amusing book.

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very different; he, like all thoughtful Indians today, aims at the spread, not of book-learning, still less of western culture, but of a new awareness of the world.

## History

BILL E. G. W. *Catalogue of the Papers of Roundell Palmer (1812-1895), First Earl of Selborne*. 56pp. Lambeth Palace Library.

A guide to the contents of the collection of Selborne family and political papers, which Lord Selborne gave to Lambeth Palace Library in 1962, is now provided in this catalogue compiled by the Lambeth Librarian. The documents, mainly of the last century, are first grouped under dates, and a more detailed insight into their contents is then obtainable from the index which occupies the great part of the book.

HEDLEY, OLWEN. *Windsor Castle*. 240pp. Hale. 35s.

As a royal residence for 900 years Windsor Castle, originally one of the Conqueror's protective ring of fortresses around London, is so much a part of history that it cannot have been easy to compress the story into a book of such modest length. Within the limits imposed, the task is well done. The additions made to William's fortress by later kings are defined and shown on a map. A chapter is devoted to the foundation of the Order of the Garter (the author is not persuaded by Dr. Margaret Murray that the incident of the dropped garter has any connexion with witchcraft and the Old Religion), and another to its pageantry. Literary associations from *The Merry Wives* and Ashmole's book on the Garter down to the fictions of Harrison Ainsworth are not overlooked, nor, of course, such accretions of folklore as the legend of Herne the Hunter. And there is a good account of the opening of the tomb of Charles I, in the presence of the Prince Regent, in 1813.

KNAFTON, E. J. and DERRY, T. K. *Europe and the World since 1914*. 474pp. John Murray. 45s.

The final instalment of the authors' three-volume history of Europe since 1450 spans the half-century from the beginning of the First World War to the end of 1964. Because of the shorter time-span the modern history of the leading powers, including Britain, can be examined in closer detail, and the scope is extended to include the United States and developments in Asia and Africa; but the history remains essentially that of the chief countries of Europe. It includes some illustrations and a large number of maps.

MAJOR, J. RUSSELL. *The Western World*. 1,152pp. Muller. 25s.

This substantial volume by an American professor of history undertakes more than a factual account of the development of the western world during and since the Renaissance in the arts, science and philosophy as well as in its political and economic aspects. The emphasis is on the social and revolutionary trends that the author discerns in the different centuries and, holding as he does that "an interpretative work should be of greater interest than one that merely assembles the basic facts", he sets out to interpret the events as he sees them. The history is carried down to the present with a final survey of today's emerging and underdeveloped countries. A forty-eight page bibliography and an index complete the book.

POTTS, E. DANIEL. *British Baptist Missionaries in India, 1793-1837*. 276pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 17s. 6d.

This scholarly book, with an admirable bibliography and a comprehensive index, analyses the solid contribution which Serampore made to India. A great deal has been written about the remarkable trio of Carey, Marshman and Ward, and especially about Carey; but all too much of this is tinged with praise or blame founded upon the religious outlook and personal persuasion of the writer. Mr. Potts, a lecturer in history at Monash University, Australia, is determined to avoid any suspicion that his book is "another Baptist Hallelujah, written by of, and for Baptists". Thus, while he is successful in showing that before 1837 Baptist missionaries had done much to foreground the lines on which future evangelical work was to be conducted, and in particular

## BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

had helped to set off the Indian social renaissance by fostering reforming instincts which remained largely dormant in Indian society, they were scarcely more effective than many faith of those among whom they laboured. Mr. Potts has a very interesting chapter on the Indian Baptist creed, in common with all other branches of Christianity, failed to secure a firmer hold on the Indian mind. In some cases, it seems, the approach was wrong; more stress was laid upon what Rammohan Roy called "the introduction of mysterious dogmas and of relations which at first sight appear incredible" than upon the positive ethical aspects of the Christian faith. It is among the truest titles to fame of the Serampore trio that they tried to correct this, and their conclusion that the permanent establishment of Christianity in India required the turning over of the control of churches to the inhabitants of the land has been applied out by the strength today of such ecumenical movements as are represented by the Church of South India.

**Librarianship**  
SAUNDERS, W. L. (Editor). *Librarianship in Britain Today*. 173pp. The Library Association. £2.  
Fourteen lectures giving an overall picture of the present state and possible future development of librarianship in this country. They were given by English librarians contributing to a British Council course for members of the profession from overseas held in Sheffield last year. The course was planned and the present record of it is edited by the Director of the University of Sheffield Postgraduate School of Librarianship.

**Literature and Literary Criticism**  
ADIGAL, ILANGO. *Shilappadikaram (The Ankle Bracelet)*. Translated by Alain Danielou. 219pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.  
Among the most famous of the surviving works in Tamil is this *Lay of the Ankle Bracelet*, attributed to the third century Jain Prince Ilango Adigal, brother of King Shenguttuvan, who ruled over the western coast of southern India. It is partly a novel, partly an epic; and though the culminating point of the narrative is the unjust execution of the hero on the charge of being in unlawful possession of an ankle bracelet belonging to his own wife, and taken by him into the bazaar for sale to raise money for their joint support, it covers a vast range of folk lore, lyrics, music, drama and religion. The *Lay* thus gives a vivid impression of contemporary life, while its literary merit is such that it deserves to be read as a tragic story. It is possible, as Mr. Danielou remarks, that not all the detail is strictly contemporary; he does not rule out the possibility of some later additions. Yet the style of the whole is so uniform that it does not give much reason to suspect; multiple authorship. The translation throughout reads not only intelligibly but smoothly, and there are few puzzling passages even for those who are unfamiliar with the persons and the places mentioned in the text.

**Religion**  
GREENSLADE, S. L. *Shepherding the Flock*. 128pp. S.C.M. Press. 9s. 6d.  
In his James Long Lectures, delivered on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, Professor Greenslade, whose deep knowledge of the early Church has already been proved by his book on its schisms, uses his knowledge to illuminate the problems of pastoral administration which confront the modern missionary. None of the problems is new; all of them had to be considered as soon as the Church moved from Palestine into

the world of the Empire. They are the essential problems of the human condition, and the experience of the Church in the first centuries, the difficulties, the mistakes, the gradual working towards what might be a permanent solution, is bound to be of real service to missionaries dealing with situations that are often almost disconcertingly the same. There is a grace in the writing and a generous humanity in the thought which should win for the book a wide appreciation.

**Sports and Pastimes**  
MOLD, FREDERICK E. *Presenting the Fly to the Trout*. 179pp. Herbert Jenkins. 25s.  
After some preliminary chapters on tackle and fly dressing, Mr. Mold, under the heading of "application", divides his book into a series of "presentations" as varied as "Presenting Flies in Midsummer Daylight" to "Presenting Some Offerings Under the Bushes". At the end of the book there is a useful Fly Calendar in which the author, though aware of the difficulties of seasonal vagaries and local conditions, places the various flies into monthly compartments, at the same time giving the fly's dressing and how to fish it. Mr. Mold, who is a great advocate for dressing one's own flies, describes the added satisfaction for the angler of fishing with "a bit more of himself", thus making the cost of time and patience so worth while.

**Theatre**  
VAN DAMM, SHEILA. *We Never Closed*. 191pp. Hale. 25s.  
The Windmill through thick and thin, presenting that curiously British phenomenon a nude show which, the devisers constantly insisted in tones of shock and horror, had no erotic designs whatsoever on its audience. The book is worth reading for, if nothing else, some sublimely dotty exchanges of letters between the management and the Lord Chamberlain's office.

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**Reference Books**  
*United Kingdom Publications and Theses on Africa, 1965*. Standing Conference on Library Materials on Africa, 1965. 92pp. W. Heffer. 25s.  
This third publication in the Scolma series contains more than 1,100 entries of books and articles relating to Africa published during 1965. Just over a third of the material deals with Africa in general and is classified by subject; the remainder is divided by regions and countries. A list of references to Africa in Hansard during 1965, compiled by Malcolm McKee, is also included, and a list of theses on Africa (1964/65) supplements, and in some cases corrects, the Scolma list issued by Heffer last year. There is an author index.

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Principally, this book examines the events of 1914, when Carson, supported by such political leaders as Bonar Law and F. E. Smith, was organizing a military force and a provisional government in Ulster against the day when the Third Home Rule Bill should become law. But Mr. Stewart looks usefully at the background. He describes the objections of the Ulstermen to Gladstone's Home Rule measure in 1886, together with Lord Randolph Churchill's memorable descent on Belfast, when he uttered the famous "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right".

Because of this history, the arrival of the Liberal Winston Churchill, then First Lord, in the same city in 1912 to commend Home Rule for the whole of Ireland jarred in a special way as "sheer unfitness" and angry Ulstermen refrained from turning his car over only because Mrs. Churchill was with him. This visit was really the beginning of the crisis. Two years later there was talk of civil war and Churchill made his belated speech at Bradford, saying that there were worse things than bloodshed even on an extended scale and that if Britain's civil and parliamentary systems were to be brought to the crude challenge of force he could only say "Let us go forward together and put these grave matters to the proof".

By this time the Ulster Volunteer Force numbered something like 100,000 men, commanded by a general whose name had been put forward by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and Carson had given his blessing to a scheme to purchase firearms on the Continent. Mr. Stewart recites at some length the exciting story of the negotiations and of the journey of the arms vessels. Lord Milner was one of those who had

been active in collecting funds to nourish Ulster's resistance, and Kipling sent £20,000. Lord Winterton, later Father of the Commons, organized his own force.

Then came the hectic days when a terrible bloodletting seemed imminent. Churchill ordered destroyers to proceed to Lamlash, which faced Belfast, and there was speculation about officers given to British officers at the Curragh. Carson made a dramatic departure from the Commons ("I go to my people") and it was thought that warrants were to be issued for the arrest of the Ulster leaders. There was confusion when Brigadier-General Gough was summoned to London and resolutely insisted on being provided with written assurances from the War Minister that the Army would not be used to crush political opposition to Home Rule.

Gough had the backing of another Irishman in the War Office, Henry Wilson, soon to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and when he went back to the Curragh with his document there was an easing of the crisis, notwithstanding the angry Parliamentary debating over the assurances given by Seely. The danger of civil war further receded when realistic consideration began to be given to an amendment which would exclude part of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill. All the same, the Ulstermen were making ready to set up their own administration and had arranged for the evacuation of women and children to England and Scotland.

The coming of European war in August changed everything. The contingent Ulster rebels flocked to join Kitchener's Armies. In a sense the last chapter was written in July, 1916, when the 36th (Ulster) Division behaved with great gallantry in the Somme offensive and thousands of Ulster homes mourned their dead. Mr. Stewart's book is a soberly written and scholarly narrative.

## ART AND ACTION

WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON: *The Imagination of an Insurrection: Dublin, Easter 1916*. 262pp. Oxford University Press. £2.8s.

An apt motto for this book might be Yeats's query: "Did that play of mine send out Certain men the English shoo?"

In Patrick Pearse outstandingly is seen the influence of the Irish Literary Revival, whose beginning is put by Professor Thompson as 1889, when Yeats published "The Wanderings of Oisín" with the help of subscriptions collected by the old revolutionary, John O'Leary; and, especially, the ancient legendary hero Cuchulain inspired Pearse, so that his little school had representations all over the place. It is likely that he had Cuchulain as well as later fighters in mind when he told the court martial which condemned him to death that the 1916 rebels had "kept faith with the past, and handed a tradition to the future".

In "Cathleen ni Houlihan" Yeats was adopting the theme of the Gaelic verse form, the *aisling*, in which historic, sorrowing Ireland appeared in differing personality

guises. Cathleen pledged with the young men of Ireland to restore her four green fields taken by the foreigner. "Roisín Rubh" (the dark rose) is conquered Ireland, the Dark Rosaleen of James Clarence Mangan. Do not sigh, do not weep! The priests are on the ocean green. They march along the deep. There's wine . . . from the royal Pope Upon the ocean green.

In 1916 it was Germany that was to provide the help which in earlier centuries came from the Pope and from Spain. Joseph Mary Plunkett, executed at the age of twenty-eight, shared Pearse's vision of the past—his preoccupation with death. This can be seen in his poems, notably "The Little Black Rose Shall be Red at Last".

Professor Thompson writes from a detailed knowledge of the literary background and of the actual history of the 1916 insurrection and his book is an interesting essay in explaining the interaction of art and action.

## THE WAY TO TIPPERARY

SEAN JENNETT: *Munster*. 253pp. Faber and Faber. £2.2s.

Besides his versatile achievements as poet, craftsman and scholar Mr. Jennett has edited guide-books to various districts of England and Wales. Now he has revisited his native Munster and explored it thoroughly. He describes his journeys in this pleasant book, which is not a formal guide but provides information enough for the leisurely visitor, including an essay on the Irish language. He explains the geological basis of the landscape, and points out that Ireland is not all green. "Westwards a series of olives, greys, browns and reds, is varied by the purples and violets caused by haze between you and distant hills. He is not ashamed to warn the visitor that, at first sight, much of the inland country is dull and that Irish towns are small and unattractive. "But he has a keen eye for architectural merit and discovers it in many unlikely places, though as he says: "One cannot miss the ruins." He complains more than once that houses are too big or too small for comfort or are unloved, but left standing when the owner migrates, because of the rating laws. About the older ruins of castles or abbeys he can tell us a record some historical memories

though critical of the "irritating custom" that allows the nave or chancel of a roofless church to be filled with weeds and modern graves. Mr. Jennett is however more interested in the living Ireland and notices whatever in the ways of country life would be most unfamiliar to an English tourist, from boats and fair implements to religious processions. He notices too the leisurely friendliness of casual encounters. He begins his journey in Waterford, going south-west through Cork and then exploring all the western peninsulas before he turns north through Limerick to Clonmel and finally comes back to Tipperary. His comments on famous places such as Killybegs or Cashel are always fresh and pertinent, but his explorations of less known districts point up their merits also. He visited the mountains in the west of County Waterford and thinks they would make good country for climbers, but he also enjoyed the lowlands round Lismore in north-west Kerry, and he writes more fully about County Tipperary than about any of the other parts of the province except the spectacular south-west of Cork and Kerry.

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